THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

> Various;—that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change,
> And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
> COWPER.

Vol. I.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, June* 28, 1806. [No. 25.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 11.

Ἄχρις ἂν σίλβῃ ἠὼς, δρόσον μείρακες ὠτρυνομένοι λέγετε.

I DARE answer, that my reader expects from me every common-place, concerning *the Day;* and I am not sure that he will be disappointed. I have a predilection for those truths which every man has acknowledged, in his *Day*, and which it behoves all of us to acknowledge in ours.

The shortness of our *Day* (whatever may be the case with that of mine) is the subject of continual complaint; and yet, the observers of life and manners have found nothing calling more often upon them, either for admonition or for reproof, than the neglect in which it is passed; nor, assuredly, can the moralist ever wear a more benevolent mien, than when he thus takes his station, as it were, on our way-side, and charitably reminds every passenger, that the sun is travelling to the west.

Various are the arguments that are enforced from the rapidity of our career, and the unrelenting step of time. It has frequently been remarked, and every reader may remark it himself, that the shortness of life is dwelt upon, with equal energy, by him that calls us to pleasure, and by him that forbids our advances: 'Make much of precious time, while in your power,' is alike the cry of the gayest and of the severest moralist. The one, with the writer from whom I have borrowed the sentiment which stands at the head of my paper, warns youth, while yet shines the morning, busily to gather flowers; the other bids it gather no flowers at all.

My design, to-day, is to amuse my reader with a singular example of that fertility of fancy which, it seems but prosing to say, belonged to Shakspeare, and which occurs in the collection of his numerous sonnets; a collection which scarcely enjoys, I think, the reputation it deserves, and which I shall take another opportunity of recommending to the close examination of those who delight in the strength, simplicity and harmony of language; and who see, with peculiar pleasure, the high degree in which the English language is susceptible of these beauties.

The observation, which at present I propose to illustrate respects the ingenious variety of arguments which the immortal bard arrays against those who would die childless; or, in the language he has elsewhere employed,

> —lead their beauties to the grave,
> And leave the world no copy.

In calling to mind the numerous places in which, in addition to those that now fix my attention, he has adverted to this topic, I cannot forbear indulging a conjecture, that there was

something in *his Day* which peculiarly recommended it to the pen. Shakspeare lived at that period of time in which the Romish faith was assailed, and more or less shaken. Now, celibacy, in the Roman church, though enjoined only on part of its members, is held up to the admiration of all; and it is highly probable that prejudices of this description might be long and obstinately cherished, even among the converts to the new doctrine. To popular opinions of this kind it is possible that Shakspeare more expressly addressed himself; and I insist on this, the rather because such an idea constitutes an additional recommendation of the subject before me. It deserves my attention, not only as one in which the poet instructs us to make use of our *day*, but in which we have an historical view of a *day* that is past. Such views will always engage my attention; the *day* of all times has my solicitude; the *day* that is gone, the *day* that is present, and the *day* that is to come; and, if my reader should be of opinion (in which perhaps he would not be wholly right) that such exhortations as the sonnets contain are altogether irrelevant to the *day* we see, it will at least gratify his curiosity, to learn what were elicited by those of which he so often hears and reads, *the golden days of good Queen Bess.*

I. The sonnets to which I allude are seventeen in number, and stand foremost in the collection. The first is addressed to Rose, and commences with a *concetto:*

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's *Rose* may never die;
But, as the riper should by time decrease,
His tender heir might bear his memory.

The lady is accused, admonished, and supplicated:

But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel:—
Thou, that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy Spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl! mak'st waste in nigarding:—
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,—
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II. So much for the neglect of Spring, and the morning. In the second sonnet we are told of the advantage she possesses, who, in age, can present her child as the pledge of her youthful beauty; saying, *This fair child of mine shall show its amount, and apologise for me, in my decline:*

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then, being ask'd, where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise,
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou could'st answer, *This fair child of mine*
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse;
Proving his beauty by scccession thine:
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And *see* thy blood warm, when thou *feel'st* it cold.

III. The third is addressed to the other sex. *Fond*, in the seventh verse, means *foolish:*

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou view'st,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou do'st beguile the world, unbless some mother:
For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
Of his self love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she, in thee,
Calls back the lovely April of her prime;
So thou, thro' windows of thine age, shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time:
But, if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV. Unthriftiness, niggardliness, and misuse, are the charges re-iterated in the following:

Unthrifty loveliness! why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend;
And being frank, she lends to those are free:
Then, beauteous niggard! why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?

Profitless usurer! why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet can'st not live?
For, having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive:
Then how, when Nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable *audit* canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V. The fifth sonnet is full of imagery. The offspring of beauty is likened to the fragrant oils of vegetables. The vegetables, if distilled, even in winter live sweet, though not to the eye, yet in the substance of their sweetness:

Those hours that, with gentle work, did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excel:
For, never-resting Time leads Summer on
To hideous Winter, and confounds him there;
Sap checkt with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-snow'd, and bareness every where:
Then, were not Summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner, pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was;
But flowers distill'd, tho' they with Winter meet,
Lose but their show, their substance still lives sweet.

VI. In the succeeding, the poet makes a direct application of the allegory. Here, we have a specimen of that play on words which Shakspeare learned from *his day*; but, also, that simplicity which he has left to ours:

Then let not Winter's rugged hand deface
In thee thy summer, e'er thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some phial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, e'er it be self-kill'd:
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;—
That 's for thyself to breed another thee
Or, ten times happier, be it ten for one:
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then, what could Death do, if thou should'st depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?—
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair,
To be Death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

VII. The seventh sonnet will excite that smile which follows what is unexpectedly, and, in one sense, incongruously, introduced; but we are to admire it also, as an example of fine writing, and a triumph of the art. The poet adorns, elevates and recommends, a precept the most familiar, by the grandeur of his imagination and the splendor of his diction:

Lo! in the Orient, when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And, having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage:
But, when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
Thy eyes ('fore-duteous) now converted are
From his low track, and look another way:
So thou, thyself out going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on dy'st, unless thou *get a son.*

VIII. The eighth sonnet will not obtain the chief applause. The poet labours with his idea. His argument, however, is, that it is *married* sounds from which result music, and all its sweetness; and that a single individual is but a single inharmonious note:

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy:
Why lov'st thou that, which thou receiv'st not gladly?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thy ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds,
In singleness, the parts that thou should'st bear:
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each, by mutual ordering;
Resembling, sire and child, and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing;
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, Thou, *single*, will prove *none.*

IX. In the ninth, the appeal is made to the charity of the fair auditor. One of the thoughts is exceedingly pretty. The *world*, says the poet, will be *thy* widow,

——and still weep,
That thou no form of thee hast left behind;
while
—every private widow well may keep,
By *children's eyes*, her husband's shape in mind.—

The first verse,—

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,

has a charming simplicity and smoothness:

It is for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a mateless wife:
The world will be thy widow, and still weep,
That thou no form of thee hast left behind;
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind:
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And, kept unus'd, the user so destroys it:
No love towards others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murd'rous shame commits.

X. A different tone is assumed in the sonnet that follows. It is amatory as well as preceptive, and the expression is rapid and animated. The poet adjures, as well by love, as by self-love:

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident;
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But, that thou none lov'st, is most evident:
For thou art so possess'd with murd'rous hate,
That, 'gainst thyself, thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should by thy chief desire.
Oh change thy thoughts, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind;
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live, in thine, or thee.

XI. Self-regard, public spirit, and vanity, are attempted to be stirred in the eleventh. *To keep for store*, is *to keep to breed:*

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood, which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth convertest:
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore years would make the world away!
Let those, whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish;
Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more,
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII. In the next sonnet, the argument would be trite in the extreme, were it not for the ground taken in the concluding couplet:

And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
Save *breed*, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

This, indeed, in its peculiar form, is Shakspeare's favourite idea.—The images in the former part of the poem are of the ordinary kind:

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And Summer's green, all girded up in shaves,
Borne on the bier, with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go:
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow:
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

XIII. In the following, offspring is represented as furnishing a continuity of life. Here the metaphor of inheritance is introduced, and the language of the law employed. In conclusion, the question is urged as a matter of common prudence:

Oh that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live;
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give;

So should that beauty, which you hold in lease,
Find no determination: then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear:
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour, might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of Winter's day,
And barren rage of Death's eternal cold?
Oh, none but unthrifts!—dear, my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so!

XIV. In another, the argument is identified with a lofty compliment. The poet is an astrologer; and he reads, not in the stars, but in the eyes of his mistress, that, if she do not *convert herself to store*, truth and beauty and herself will fail at once:

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,
And yet methinks I have astronomy;
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict, that I in heaven find:
But, from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
As Truth and Beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert:
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is Truth's and Beauty's doom and date.

XV. The fifteenth is not an exhortation, but an apology. The poet does not *persuade* his mistress to bear children, but gives a reason why she should do so. As a composition, this sonnet is inferior to none of the rest. The premises from which the deduction is made, are described with a stateliness of verse, and diction, appropriate to their character:

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment;
That this huge state presenteth nought but shows,
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheared and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap; at height decrease;
And wear their brave state out of memory:
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night:
And all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

XVI. The sixteenth and seventeenth sonnets are distinguished by happy allusions to the poet's verse. Both have an extraordinary share of beauty. The diction is truly Shakspearian:

Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish, would bear you living flow'rs.

The whole sonnet is striking:

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself, in your decay,
With means more blessed than my barren rhime?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish, would bear you living flow'rs,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of Life that life repair,
Which this (Time's pencil, or my pupil-pen)
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men:
To give away yourself, keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII. Perhaps none contains a more ingenious thought than the seventeenth and last of these little poems. I will offer no other observation:

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Tho' yet, heav'n knows, it is but as a tomb,
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts:
If I could write the beauties of your eyes,
And, in fresh numbers, number all your graces,
The age to come would say, *This poet lies;*
Such heav'nly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces:
So should my papers (yellow'd with their age)
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But, were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice,—in it, and in my rhime.

I shall not apologise for having trifled thus, among the wild-flowers of Avon: their hues are cheerful, and their odours sweet: besides, I hope my reader, like myself, is not unwilling to

—steal from care one *summer's Day.*

For the Port Folio.

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 2.

ON THE POETRY OF THE ARABS.

THE Moällakat, or rather the Seven Arabian Poems of that description, and known in Europe by that name, have already been mentioned as the intended objects of our first Inquiries; but, before we turn to these compositions, it will be neither disagreeable nor useless to consider, in general, the poetry of the Arabs. Sir William Jones, whose zeal in the cause of Asiatic literature has secured to him an illustrious memory, besides furnishing us, on the present occasion, with a translation of the Moällakat, in which form alone we propose to consider it, has left us an Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations, of which, from so much as relates to the poetry of the Arabs, we shall borrow largely, in the present paper. Sir William argues, *à priori*, for the excellence of Arabian poetry, which he deduces from soil, climate, and manners.

'Arabia, I mean that part of it which we call the Happy, and which the Asiatics know by the name of Yemen, seems to be the only country in the world, in which we can properly lay the scene of pastoral poetry; because no nation, at this day, can vie with the Arabians, in the delightfulness of their climate, and the simplicity of their manners. There is a valley, indeed, to the north of Indostan, called Cashmîr, which, according to an account written by a native of it, is a perfect garden, exceedingly fruitful, and watered by a thousand rivulets: but, when its inhabitants were subdued by the stratagem of a Mogul prince, they lost their happiness with their liberty, and Arabia retained its old title, without any rival to dispute it. These are not the fancies of a poet: the beauties of Yemen are proved by the concurrent testimony of all travellers, by the descriptions of it in all the writings of Asia, and by the nature and situation of the country itself, which lies between the eleventh and fifteenth degrees of northern latitude, under a serene sky, and exposed to the most favourable influence of the sun; it is enclosed on one side by vast rocks, and deserts, and defended on the other by a tempestuous sea, so that it seems to have been designed by Providence for the most secure, as well as the most beautiful, region of the East.

'Its principal cities are Sanaa, usually considered as its metropolis; Zebîd, a commercial town, that lies in a large plain near the sea of Omman; and Aden, surrounded with pleasant gardens and woods, which is situated eleven degrees from the equator, and seventy-six from the Fortunate Islands, or Canaries, where the geographers of Asia fix their first meridian. It is observable that Aden, in the eastern dialects, is precisely the same word with Eden, which we apply to the garden of paradise: it has two senses, according to a slight difference in its pronunciation; its first meaning is *a settled abode;* its second, *delight*, *softness*, or *tranquillity:* the word Eden had, probably, one of these senses in the sacred text, though we use it as a proper name. We may also observe in this place, that Yemen itself takes its name from a word which signifies *verdure* and *felicity;* for in those sultry climates the freshness of the shade, and the coolness of water, are ideas almost inseparable from that of happiness; and this may be a reason why most of the oriental nations agree in a tradition concerning a delightful spot, where the first inhabitants of the earth were placed before their fall. The ancients, who gave the name of Eudaimon, or Happy, to this country, either meant to translate the word Yemen, or, more probably, only alluded to the valuable spice-trees, and balsamic plants that grow in it, and, without speaking poetically, give a real perfume to the air.'

Beautiful objects in nature present beautiful topics to the mind; and whatever is delightful to the senses produces the beautiful when described. But the Arabs are not conversant with beauty only; they are also acquainted with the sublime; with rocks, precipices, deserts, and lions. Now, it is certain,

that the *sublime* and the *beautiful*, in *diction*, spring from the sublime and the beautiful in *imagery*. Words convey the ideas of things; and words are sublime, or beautiful, only when they convey the ideas of things sublime, or beautiful. It is the object that gives the diction.

'If we allow,' continues Sir William, 'the natural objects with which the Arabs are perpetually conversant to be *sublime* and *beautiful*, our next step must be to confess that their comparisons, metaphors, and allegories, are so likewise; for an allegory is a string of metaphors, a metaphor is a short simile, and the finest similes are drawn from natural objects. It is true, that many of the Eastern figures are common to other nations; but some of them receive a propriety from the manners of the Arabians, who dwell in plains and woods, which would be lost if they came from the inhabitants of cities: thus, the *dew of liberality* and the *odour of reputation*, are metaphors used by most people; but they are wonderfully proper in the mouths of those who have so much need of being refreshed by *the dews*, and who gratify their sense of smelling with the *sweetest odours* in the world. Again, it is very usual, in all countries, to make frequent allusions to the brightness of the celestial luminaries, which give their light to all; but the metaphors taken from them have an additional beauty, if we consider them as made by a nation who pass most of their nights in the open air, or in tents, and consequently see the moon and stars in their greatest splendour. This way of considering their poetical figures will give many of them a grace, which they would not have in our languages: so, when they compare *the foreheads of their mistresses to the morning, their locks to the night, their faces to the sun, to the moon, or the blossoms of jasmine; their cheeks to roses or ripe fruit, their teeth to pearls, hail-stones, and snow-drops; their eyes to the flowers of the narcissus, their curled hair to black scorpions, and to hyacinths; their lips to rubies or wine, the form of their breasts to pomegranates, and the colour of them to snow; their shape to that of a pine tree, and their stature to that of a cypress, a palm tree, or a javelin*, &c. these comparisons, many of which would seem forced in our idioms, have undoubtedly a great delicacy in theirs, and affect their minds in a peculiar manner; yet upon the whole their similes are very just and striking; as that of *the blue eyes of a fine woman bathed in tears, to violets dropping with dew*, and that of *a warrior, advancing at the head of his army, to an eagle sailing through the air, and piercing the clouds with his wings*.'

With respect to the influence of manners on the poetry of Arabia, Sir William expresses himself thus: 'Here I must be understood to speak of those Arabians who, like the old Nomades, dwell constantly in their tents, and remove from place to place according to the seasons; for the inhabitants of the cities, who traffic with the merchants of Europe, in spices, perfumes, and coffee, must have lost a great deal of their ancient simplicity: the others have, certainly, retained it; and, except when their tribes are engaged in war, spend their days in watering their flocks and camels, or in repeating their native songs, which they pour out almost extempore, professing a contempt for the stately pillars and solemn buildings of the cities, compared with the natural charms of the country, and the coolness of their tents: thus they pass their lives in the highest pleasure of which they have any conception, in the contemplation of the most delightful objects, and in the enjoyment of perpetual spring; for we may apply to part of Arabia that elegant couplet of Waller, in his poem of the Summer-Island,

The gentle Spring, that but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.'

In a subsequent passage, this writer considers the strong inclination of the Arabs for amatory verse, and presents us with the general features of their compositions:

'As the Arabians are such admirers of beauty, and as they enjoy such ease and leisure, they must naturally be

susceptible of that passion which is the true spring and source of agreeable poetry; and we find, indeed, that *love* has a greater share in their poems than any other passion: it seems to be always uppermost in their minds, and there is hardly an elegy, a panegyric, or even a satire, in their language, which does not begin with the complaints of an unfortunate, or the exultations of a successful, lover. It sometimes happens, that the young men of one tribe are in love with the damsels of another; and, as the tents are frequently removed on a sudden, the lovers are often separated in the progress of the courtship: hence all the Arabic poems open in this manner; the author bewails the sudden departure of his mistress, Hinda, Maia, Zeineb, or Azza, and describes her beauty, comparing her to a wanton fawn, that plays among the aromatic shrubs; his friends endeavour to comfort him, but he refuses consolation; he declares his resolution of visiting his beloved, though the way to her tribe lie through a dreadful wilderness, or even through a den of lions; here, he commonly gives a description of the horse, or camel, upon which he designs to go, and thence passes, by an easy transition, to the principal subject of his poem, whether it be the praise of his own tribe, or a satire on the timidity of his friends, who refuse to attend him in his expedition; though very frequently the piece turns wholly upon love.'

In our next number, we shall further examine, under some new aspects, the genius of the poetry of the Arabs.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. J. Osborn of the city of New-York who is not a mere bookseller, but a man of letters and taste, has lately done excellent service to the cause of pure morals and elegant literature, by republishing a work which has recently appeared in England, entitled " The Fashionable World Displayed." This little volume, which, in a very brief period, run through five editions, appeared first under the fictitious name of *Theophilus Christian*, but it now presents us with the real name of the author, John Owen, who, whether we regard the moral or the literary merit of his book, had no sufficient cause for concealment, for " he is armed so strong in honesty" that he *may come out* with the confidence of a champion. The dedication to the most accomplished and examplary prelate in the British empire, is so justly and so elegantly expressed, that we will transcribe it for the admiration of the reader. " To the right reverend Beilby Proteus, D. D. Lord Bishop of London, not more distinguished by his eloquence as a preacher, his vigilance as a prelate, his sanctity as a Christian, and his various accomplishments as a scholar and a man, than by his indefatigable exertions to detect the errors, rebuke the follies, and reform the vices of the Fashionable World, the following attempt to benefit that part of society, by means too frequently employed to corrupt it, is respectfully inscribed," &c.

The style of this work is a continued irony, and is as successful a specimen of that figure, as has appeared since the publication of Dean Swift's admirable " Argument against abolishing Christianity." In the guise of a sort of geographical treatise, it describes the situation, boundaries, climate, seasons, government, laws, religion and morality, education, manners, language, dress and amusements of the Fashionable World. Though this Fashionable World is limited to the west end of London, and though, therefore, much of the satire is local, still there are numerous passages that, in the phrase of Almanac makers may serve without any essential variation, for the ' meridian of the United States.'

To give the reader an idea of the entertainment he may expect from this volume, we shall transcribe a passage or two in which the writer's correct sentiments and playful style are very well displayed:

" The individuals who compose the Fashionable World are not absolute wanderers, like the tribes of Arabia,

nor are they regular settlers, like the convicts at Botany Bay; but moveable and migratory in a certain degree, and to a certain degree permanent and stationary, they live among the inhabitants of the parent country, neither absolutely mixing with them, nor yet actually separated from them.

"This paradoxical state of the people renders it not a little difficult to reduce their territory within the rules of geographical description. They have, it is true, their *degrees* and their *circles*; but these terms are used by people of Fashion in a sense so different from that which geographers have assigned them, that they afford no sort of assistance to the topographical inquirer. It is, I presume, on this account, that in all the improvements which have been made upon the globe, nothing has been done towards settling the meridien of Fashion; and though the Laplanders, the Hottentots, and the Esquimaux, have places assigned them, no more notice is taken of the people of Fashion than if they either did not exist, or were not worthy of being mentioned.

"The only expedient, therefore, to which a writer can resort, in this dearth of geographical materials, is that of designating the territory of Fashion by the ordinary names of those places through which it passes. And this is, in fact, strictly conformable to that usage which prevails in the language and communication of the people themselves: for London, Tunbridge, Bath, Weymouth, &c. are, in their mouths, names for little else than the lands and societies of Fashion which they respectively contain.

"Now, the portion of each place to which Fashion lays claim is neither definite as to its dimensions, nor fixed as to its locality. In London, a small proportion of the whole is Fashionable; in Bath, the proportion is greater: and in some watering-places of the latest creation, Fashion puts in her demand for nearly the whole. The locality of its domains is also contingent and mutable. Various circumstances concur in determining when a portion of ground shall become Fashionable, and when it shall cease to be such. The only rule of any steadiness with which I am acquainted, and which chiefly relates to the metropolis, is that which prescribes a *western* latitude:* if this be excepted, (which indeed admits of no relaxation) events of very little moment decide all the rest. If, for example, a duchess, or the wife of some bourgeois-gentilhomme, who has purchased the privileges of the order, should open a suite of rooms for elegant society in any new quarter, the soil is considered to receive a sort of consecration by such a circumstance; and an indefinite portion of the vicinity is added to the territory of Fashion. If, on the other hand, a shop be opened, a sign hung out, or any symptom of business be shown, in a quarter that has hitherto been a stranger to every sound but the rattling of carriages, the thunder of knockers, and the vociferation of coachmen and servants, it is ten to one but the privileges of Fashion are withdrawn from that place; and the whole range of buildings is gradually given up to those who are either needy enough to keep shops, or vulgar enough to endure them. Now, it happens as a consequence from this adoption of new soil and disfranchisement of old, that the territory of Fashion is extremely irregular and interrupted. A traveller, determined to pursue its windings, would soon be involved in a most mysterious labyrinth; his track would be crossed by portions of country which throw him repeatedly out of his beat: insomuch that his progress would resemble that of a naturalist, who, in tracing the course of a mineral through the bowels of the earth, encounters various breaks and intersections, and often finds the corresponding parts of the same stratum unaccountably separated from each other.

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* For the geographical solecism of "a western *latitude*," the author has only to plead that the people of whom he treats acknowledge no points of the compass but those of *east* and *west*, and that the term longitude has scarcely any place in their language.

"It would be only fatiguing the reader to say more upon the topographical part of my subject. It is obvious, from what has been stated, that the regions of Fashion, considered as a whole, are rather numerous than compact: and indeed, such difference of opinion subsists among the people themselves upon the territories which are entitled to that name, that no correct judgment can be pronounced upon a question of so much controversy. Thus much, however, may be affirmed, that there is scarcely a market-town in the kingdom in which some portion of land is not invested with Fashionable privileges, and designated by such terms as mark the wish of the inhabitants to have it considered as forming a part and parcel of the demesnes of Fashion.

"The *Climate* of Fashion is almost entirely factitious and artificial; and consequently differs in many material respects from the natural temperature of those respective places over which its jurisdiction extends. Though changes from heat to cold, and vice versa, are very common among these people, yet heat may be said to be the prevailing character of the climate. They appear to me to have but two seasons in the year; these they call, in conformity to common language rather than to just calculation, Winter and Summer. Of summer little is known; for it seems to be a rule among this people to disband and disperse at the approach of it, and not to rally or reunite till the winter has fairly commenced. Though, therefore, they exist somehow* or somewhere during the summer months, they wish it to be considered that they do not exist under their Fashionable character. They wash themselves in the sea, drink laxative waters, lose a little money at billiards, or catch a few colds at public rooms; but all these things they do as individuals, and wholly out of their corporate capacity as members of the community of Fashion. So that in their mode of disposing of the summer, they invert the standing rule of most other animals; they choose the fair season for their torpid state, and show no signs of life but during the winter. It is not easy to say exactly when the winter *begins* in the Fashionable World; an inhabitant of Bath would have one mode of reckoning, and an inhabitant of London another. To do justice to the subject, the commencement of winter ought to be regulated by the former of these places, and the close of it by the latter. Supposing, therefore, that it begins some time in November, there can be no difficulty in setting its duration; for the 4th of June is, by a tacit yet binding ordinance, considered as a limit over which a Fashionable winter can never pass.

"There are many circumstances in which the climate of fashion stands peculiarly distinguished from every other. It has already been intimated that heat is its prevailing characteristic:

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* This somehow and somewhere existence of people of Fashion, might lead a stranger to suppose that they have no permanent dwelling-place. He must, however, be told, that while they are thus migrating from place to place without comfort and without respect, many of them are actually turning their backs upon the conveniences of a family mansion, and the influence of a dependent tenantry. This disposition to emigration in persons of distinction has been so admirably noticed in a late elegant and interesting work, that I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of transcribing the passage:

"That there exists at present amongst us a lamentable want of rural philosophy, or of that wisdom which teaches a man at once to enjoy and to improve a life of retirement, is, I think, a point too obvious to be contested. Whence is it else that the ancient mansions of our nobility and gentry, notwithstanding all the attractions of rural beauty, and every elegance of accommodation, can no longer retain their owners, who, *at the approach of winter, pour into the metropolis, and even in the summer months wander to the sea-coast, or to some other place of Fashionable resort?* This unsettled humour, in the midst of such advantages, plainly argues much inward disorder, and points out the need as well as the excellency of that discipline which can inspire a pure taste of nature, furnish occupation in the peaceful labours of husbandry, and, what is nobler still, open the sources of moral and intellectual enjoyment." —*Preface to Rural Philosophy, by* Ely Bates, *Esq.* p. 9.

it is, moreover, not a little remarkable, that this heat is at its highest point in the winter season; and that the inhabitants often perspire more freely when the snow is upon the ground than they do in the dog-days. The truth is, that, as was before said, the climate is wholly created by artificial circumstances, and the natural temperature of the air is completely done away. The sort of communication which these people keep up with each other is considered to require a species of apparatus which fills their atmosphere with an immoderate degree of phlogiston. Besides this, they are notoriously fond of assembling in insufferable crowds; and travellers have assured us, that they have often witnessed from ten to twelve hundred persons suffocating each other within a space which would scarcely have afforded convenient accommodation for a dozen families. And this may enable us in some measure to account for the little benefit which modish invalids are said to derive from their frequent removals to the healthiest spots in the universe. The original object of such a prescription was doubtless to change the air; and certainly no expedient could be better imagined for bracing a constitution relaxed by too intense application to the business of a Fashionable life. But the usages of the order render a change of air to any salutary purpose utterly impracticable: for the weakest members of the community consider themselves bound to kindle a flame wherever they go: and thus they breathe the same phlogisticated air all over the world.

"They profess to adopt the ordinary divisions of time; and talk like other people of *Day* and *Night:* but their mode of computing each is so vague and unnatural, that inhabitants of the same meridien with themselves scarcely understand what they mean by the terms. A great part of this difficulty may possibly arise from the very small portion of solar light with which they are visited. For certain it is, that no people upon earth have less benefit from the light of the sun than the people of Fashion; so that, if it were not for torches, candles, and Argand lamps, they would scarcely ever see each others' faces."

From this extract the reader will see the extent and energy of the author's powers. This book, combining in such agreeable alliance the *utile* and the *dulce*, we strongly recommend to the attention of the public.

It is very neatly and correctly printed by Messrs. Hopkins and Seymour, and its price is so moderate as to levy no onerous tax even upon a small fortune.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[The ensuing article, which the lover of Anecdote will not pass over, is extracted from "The Secret History of the Court and Cabinet of St. Cloud." All who love to laugh at the mummery of superstition, and the credulity of a devotee, will relish the legend of the shoulder-bone of St. John the Baptist.]

Paris, August 1805.

MY LORD,

THOUGH all the Buonapartes were great favourites with Pius VII, Madame Lætitia, their mother, had a visible preference. In her apartments he seemed most pleased to meet the *family parties*, as they were called, because to them, except the Buonapartes, none but a few select favourites were invited; a distinction as much wished for and envied as any other court honour. After the Pope had fixed the evening he would appear among them, Duroc made out a list, under the dictates of Napoleone, of the chosen few destined to partake of the blessing of his Holiness's presence; this list was merely pro forma, or as a compliment, laid before him; and after his *tacit* approbation, the individuals were informed, from the first chamberlain's office, that they would be honoured with admittance at such an hour, to such a company, and in such an apartment. The dress in which they were to appear was also prescribed. The parties usually met at six o'clock in the evening: on the Pope's entrance, all persons of

both sexes kneeled to receive his blessing. Tea, ice, liqueurs, and confectionary, were then served. In the place of honour were three elevated elbow chairs, and his Holiness was seated between the Emperor and Empress, and seldom spoke to any one, to whom Napoleone did not previously address the word. The exploits of Buonaparte, particularly his campaigns in Egypt, were the chief subjects of conversation. Before eight o'clock the Pope always retired; distributing his blessing to the kneeling audience, as on his entry. When he was gone, card-tables were brought in, and play was permitted. Duroc received his master's orders, how to distribute the places at the different tables; what games were to be played, and the amount of the sums to be staked. These were usually trifling and small, compared to what is daily risked in our fashionable circles.

Often, after the Pope had returned to his own rooms, Madame Lætitia Buonaparte was admitted to assist at his private prayers. This lady, whose intrigues and gallantry are proverbial in Corsica, has, now that she is old, as is generally the case, turned devotee, and is surrounded by hypocrites and impostors, who, under the mask of sanctity, deceive and plunder her. Her anti-chambers are always full of priests: and her closet and bed-room are crowded with relics, which she collected during her journey to Italy last year. She might, if she chose, establish a Catholic museum, and furnish it with a more curious collection, in its sort, than any of our other museums contain. Of all the saints in our calendar, there is not one, of any notoriety, who has not supplied her with a finger, a toe, or some other part; or with a piece of a shirt, a handkerchief, a sandal, or a winding-sheet. Even a bit of a pair of breeches, said to have belonged to St. Maturin, whom many think was a sans-culotte, obtain her adoration on certain occasions. As none of her children have yet arrived at the same height of faith as herself, she has, in her will, bequeathed to the Pope all her relics, together with eight hundred and seventy-nine prayer-books, and four hundred and forty-six bibles, either in manuscript or of different editions. Her favourite breviary, used only on great solemnities, was presented to her by Cardinal Maury at Rome, and belonged, as it is said, formerly to St. François, whose commentary, written with his own hand, fill the margins; though many, who with me adore him as a saint, doubt whether he could either read or write.

Not long ago she made, as she thought, an exceedingly valuable acquisition. A priest arrived direct from the holy city of Jerusalem, well recommended by the inhabitants of the convents there, with whom he pretended to have passed his youth. After prostrating himself before the Pope, he waited on Madame Lætitia Buonaparte. He told her that he had brought with him from Syria the famous relic, the shoulder-bone of St. John the Baptist; but that being in want of money for his voyage, he borrowed upon it, from a Grecian Bishop in Montenegra, two hundred Louis d'ors. This sum, with one hundred Louis d'ors besides, was immediately given him; and within three months, for a large sum in addition to those advanced, this precious relic was in Madame Lætitia's possession.

Notwithstanding this lady's care, not to engage in her service any person of either sex, who cannot produce, not a certificate of *civism* from the municipality, as was formerly the case, but a certificate of Christianity, and a billet of confession signed by the curate of the parish, she had often been robbed, and the robbers had made particularly free with those relics which were set in gold or in diamonds. She accused her daughter, the Princess Borghese, who often rallies the devotion of her mamma, and who is more an *amateur* of the living than of the dead, of having played her these tricks. The princess informed Napoleone of her mother's losses, as well as of her own innocence, and asked him to apply to the police to find out the thief, who no doubt was one

of the pious rogues who almost devoured their mother.

On the next day Napoleone invited Madame Lætitia to dinner, and Fouché had orders to make a strict search, during her absence, among the persons composing her household. Though he on this occasion did not find what he was looking for, he made a discovery, which very much mortified Madame Lætitia.

Her first chambermaid, Rosina Gaglini, possessed both her esteem and confidence, and had been sent for purposely from Ajaccio in Corsica, on account of her general renown for great piety, and a report that she was an exclusive favourite with the Virgin Mary, by whose interference she had even performed, it was said, some miracles; such as restoring stolen goods, runaway cattle, lost children, and procuring prizes in the lottery. Rosina was as relic mad as her mistress; and, as she had no means to procure them otherwise, she determined to partake of her lady's, by cutting off a small part of each relic, of Madame Lætitia's principal saints. These precious morceaux she placed in a box, upon which she kneeled to say her prayers during the day; and which, for a mortification, served her as a pillow during the night. Upon each of the sacred bits she had affixed a label, with the name of the saint it belonged to, which occasioned the disclosure.

When Madame Lætitia heard of this pious theft, she insisted on having the culprit immediately and severely punished; and, though the Princess Borghese, as the innocent cause of poor Rosina's misfortune, interfered, and Rosina herself promised never more to plunder saints, she was without mercy turned away; and even denied money sufficient to carry her back to Corsica. Had she made free with Madame Lætitia's plate or wardrobe, there is no doubt but that she had been forgiven; but to presume to share with her those sacred supports on her way to paradise was a more unpardonable act, with a devotee, than to steal from a lover the portrait of an adored mistress.

In the meantime the police was upon the alert, to discover the person whom they suspected of having stolen the relics for the diamonds, and not the diamonds for the relics. Among our fashionable and new saints, surprising as you may think it, Madame de Genlis holds a distinguished place; and she too is an *amateur*, and collector of relics in proportion to her means; and with her were found those missed by Madame Lætitia. Being asked to give up the name of him from whom she had purchased them, she mentioned Abbé Saladin, the pretended priest from Jerusalem. He in his turn was questioned, and by his answers gave rise to suspicion that he himself was the thief. The person of whom he pretended to have bought them was not to be found, nor was any one of such a description remembered to have been seen any where. On being carried to prison, he claimed the protection of Madame Lætitia, and produced a letter, in which this lady had promised him a bishopric either in France or in Italy. When she was informed of his situation, she applied to her son Napoleone for his liberty; urging, that a priest, who from Jerusalem had brought with him to Europe such an extraordinary relic as the shoulder of St. John, could not be culpable.

Abbé Saladin had been examined by Real; who concluded, from the accent and perfection with which he spoke the French language, that he was some French adventurer, who had imposed on the credulity and superstition of Madame Lætitia; and therefore threatened him with the rack if he did not confess the truth. He continued however in his story, and was going to be released, upon an order from the Emperor, when a gens-d'armes recognised him, as a person who eight years before had, under the name of Lanoue, been condemned for theft and forgery to the galleys; from whence he had made his escape. Finding himself discovered, he avowed every thing. He said he had served in Egypt, in the guides of Buonaparte, but deserted to the Turks, and turned Mussulman, but afterwards

returned to the bosom of the church at Jerusalem. There he persuaded the friars, that he had been a priest, and obtained the certificates which introduced him to the Pope, and to the Emperor's mother; from whom he had received twelve thousand livres, 500l. for part of the jaw-bone of a whale, which he had sold her for the shoulder-bone of a saint. As the police believes the certificates he has produced to be also forged, he is detained in prison, until an answer arrives from our consul in Syria.

Madame Lætitia did not resign without tears the relic he had sold her; and there is reason to believe that many other pieces of her collections, worshipped by her as remains of saints, are equally genuine as this shoulder-bone of St. John.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming;
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

There are many persons of weak intellects, who place great value on very frivolous accomplishments. A stranger came to Lacedæmon to see the city, who had acquired the habit of standing a long time on one leg. Exhibiting this trick to a Spartan, he told him vauntingly, 'you could not preserve that posture so long.' 'I know that,' replied the Lacedæmonian, 'but a goose can.'

A Lover likened to a Clock, from Petrarch.

Dear Laura, I'm a clock—a clock—you cry,
Yes, and for one sweet kiss I'll tell thee why;
My *thoughts*, and often busy Fancy steals
O'er all thy glowing beauties, are *the wheels:*
This *heart* that loves—ah! could I say how well
It loves its fair enchantress! is *the bell*,
On which the god of love, propitious power,
Strikes with his dart each gay *revolving hour;*
And thy Perfection, that inflames my soul,
Is the dear *mainspring*, that directs the whole.

HYPERBOLE.

Aristotle describes this figure of speech as peculiar to persons under the influence of anger, or young people, who relate every thing with exaggeration. An acquaintance of mine, says the shrewd Chevreau, feeling indignation at the vaunts of wealth, uttered by a man, whose poverty he well knew, exclaimed in anger, 'Here, this man says he has a large house, encircled with an extensive wood, when I am certain that a tortoise would walk over his house in ten minutes, and that he has not wood enough to make a tooth pick.'

The Pious Penitent.

Une femme se confessa;
Le confesseur, à la sourdine,
Derrière l'autel la troussa
Pour lui donne la discipline.
L'épouse, non loin de là caché,
De miséricorde touché,
Offrit pour elle dos et fesse.
La femme y consentit d'abord;
Je sens, dit-elle, ma foiblesse,
Mon mari, sans doute, est plus fort;
Sus donc, mon père, touchez fort;
Car je suis grande pécheresse!

IMITATED.

The lady finish'd her confessions;
The priest, brimful of wrath and zeal,
Resolv'd to punish her transgressions,
To make the lady's body feel.
Behind the altar dragg'd he then
The lady, and propos'd to strip her;
The husband, tenderest of men,
Could not indure the priest should whip her.
Strait from his hiding place he sped,
And plac'd himself quick in her stead,
The obedient wife soon gave him place,
And, with a very piteous face,
When, on her husband's back, each stroke
Proclaim'd the whipper not in joke.
Exclaim'd, sir priest, spare not your labour;
Let your hard blows wipe out my sin,
My husband, you, and every neighbour,
Know what a sinner I have been.

Upon the question, says Menage, why women have no beards, I have seen several copies of verses written not philosophically, but giving humourous solutions. I insert the following Latin one as a good specimen and a severe sarcasm upon the eternal volubility of the female tongue:

Quam benè prospiciens generi natura loquaci,
Cavit ut imberbis fœmina quæque foret:
Nimirum linguam compescere nescia, radi,
Illæ sis posset fœmina nulla genis.

IMITATED.

Nature, regardful of the *babbling race*,
Planted no beard upon a woman's face;
Not Packwood's razors though the very best,
Could shave a chin that *never is at rest.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Reflections on the unequal distribution of riches" have a tinge both of spleen and Jacobinism. Let the author reflect that there are many sordid wretches, equally dull and worthless, who, although they can contemplate the *nummos in arca*, have no eyes to discern the splendid rainbow of imagination, and the liberal horizon of life. The union of the widest wealth with the narrowest spirit is no uncommon connection.

Milo, forbear to call him blest,
Who *only boasts a large estate,*
Should all the treasures of *the west*
Meet and conspire to make him great!
Let a broad stream with golden sands
Shining through all his meadows roll,
He 's *but a wretch with all his lands*
That always *wears a narrow soul.*

Let our ingenious correspondent pause and ask himself, whether he would exchange his *gold of genius* for that *yellow dirt* which is heaped up by Gripus.

"Alexis Alonzo," the Walpole wit, is, we think, sometimes too reckless of his *poetical* department. He can make fine verses himself, but he judiciously prefers the making of money. As to many of his rhyming correspondents, he rejects, with sufficient reason, most of their poetical proffers. Many a sorrowing scribbler repeats,

O crudelis *Alexi*, nihil mea carmina curas?

And, perhaps, to continue the Virgilian allusion, some wag might exclaim to the disappointed wooer of the woodland Muse,

Ah Corydon! Corydon! quæ te dementia cepit!
Semiputata tibi frondosa vitis in ulmo est
Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit *Alexin.*

Which, though, God knows, we are not poetical, may be thus rudely paraphrased,

Ah! ploughboy bard, while slow, with addled brain,
In yawning mood, you tag the incondite strain,
Your lingering cart reluctant tugs its hay,
And *Walpole saddens at the long delay.*
Ah, if the *mountain* Muse thy dreams invade,
With dell and dingle, grotto, grove and glade,
Try *t'other press*, relieve thy *labouring* mind,
Though *Thomas** flout thee, *Charter*† will be kind.

"Quidam," who we believe is a Scot, would oblige us by collecting and arranging anecdotes of some of the literary portion of his countrymen.

To "A Gleaner" we are much indebted for his judicious hints and classical quotations. We wish to hear from him again, and request that he will be more prodigal of his *paper*, and more copious in his instructions.

W. our poetical friend in the north, is very earnestly requested to send us the *whole series* of his manuscripts. We are enchanted with his version of a brilliant passage from the Song of Solomon. When he shall have filled up his outline, and forwarded us the result, we shall then find much to say on the very superior style in which he paints the passion of the Hebrew prince.

To our friend O. at New-York, we shall pay particular attention. The Ode to the river Sampit has not been surpassed by any lyric strain that has ever appeared in America. We shall soon comply with every tittle of his request; and, meanwhile, *again* express our anxiety that he would confide to us certain manuscripts long since promised.

The downright style of "Luke Linger" reminds us of a passage in some play:—I can keep counsel, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence!

"The character of a notorious Fop" is very similar to that of Osrick in Hamlet:—'A glass gazing superserviceable finical rogue, of very soft society and great shewing. Indeed, to speak feeling of him, he is the very card or calendar of gentry—He has got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries him through and through the most fixed and winnowed opinions. Do but blow him to his trial, the bubble is out.'

"Z." has not one literary feature in his character. He may make an excellent joiner, but he cannot *dovetail* a paragraph. "He hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were, he hath not drunk ink, his intellect is not replenished; he is *only* an animal, only sensible in the *duller parts.*"

Stanzas written in the Bay of Biscay, foam and swell like its waves. Addison humourously observes of this *maritime* poetry:

'Storms at sea are so frequently described by the ancient poets, and copied by the moderns, that, whenever I find the winds begin to rise in a new heroic poem, I generally skip a leaf or two, until I come into fair weather.'

"Letus" is better versed in the laws of the stage than in the law of the land, but we believe that he could obtest the powers of justice with success, whenever he thought proper to intermit an invocation to the muse.

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* The classical editor of The Farmers' Museum.

† One of the printers of a Jacobinical paper at Walpole, N. H.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

YOU will no doubt recognize, in a part of the following Fable, the favourite theme of the eastern poets, the loves of the Rose and the Nightingale. I believe I am not mistaken in supposing it to be one of those poetical ideas which any one may avail himself of.

Yours, &c.

S——

The Fairy, the Rose, and the Nightingale.

A FABLE.

A ROSE while yet 'twas early morn,
Was glowing on her dewy thorn.
The smallest of the elfin kind
That thro' the garden flowers wind,
Beheld where, like another day,
She op'd in morning on the spray,
Amid her orient leaflets flew,
And sipt his fill of scented dew;
"Sweet blossom," then he softly cry'd,
With voice that mid the petals died,
"Sweet blossom, for this draught divine,
"Some splendid present shall be thine,
"Thou art so far all flowers before,
"That 'twould be vain to deck thee more,
"But when the shades of night appear,
"To blend the ugly and the fair,
"That thy bright charms may still be seen,
"And thou still reign of flowers the queen,
"My lamp I'll bring, the glow-worm bright,
"And hang amid thy leaves its light."
The rose receiv'd, with modest bend,
The promise of her fairy friend,
Who brought at twilight's tranquil hour
The lanthorn of her little bower,
That threw its threadlike beams around,
And shed a radiance on the ground;
A Nightingale, who warbled nigh,
'Midst darksome boughs, with greedy eye
Beheld the glitt'ring prize that hung
With diamond light her leaves among,
And straight in lays that lull'd the grove,
Caroll'd a tender tale of love.
Soft flower, her breast withstands not long
The varying music of his song;
But soon what pangs assail'd that breast!
For scarce the nuptial kiss he prest,
But tore from its supporting spray
The Fairy's gift, and hopt away.
O Rose, it was thy lot to prove
The lowest Vice may feign like Love,
Nor is such sorrow thine alone;
Full many a maid thy fate has known,
Whom fortune (by the hand of heaven,
With unveiled eyes a moment given,
Her blind-groped favourites to behold)
Has lent the gorgeous light of gold,
That virtue's charms with beauty join'd
Might wide be seen and win mankind;
But ah! that light's resplendent dawn,
Interest the heartless slave has drawn,
Who sings Love's soul-enthralling lay,
To revel in the golden ray.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I was about to prepare for your paper a translation of the 22d Ode of the 1st Book of Horace; but observing myself anticipated by an elegant translation of it in the number of last week, I shall trouble you with the conclusion only; trusting that you will institute no comparisons.

Place me, ye gods, on flooded plains;
Or where infectious noontide ever reigns,
Hope and nature's grave—
Earth and Heaven incessant glowing,
Not a breeze its breath bestowing,
Not a rivulet its wave.
From the startled desart waking
Still the song shall flow to thee;
Sweetly smiling, sweetly speaking
Lalage!

LODINUS.

Philadelphia, April 9, 1806.

EPIGRAMS.

On Lord Nelson's attack of the Danes.

Two-thirds of Cæsar's boasted fame,
Thou, Nelson, must resign—
To *come* and *see* was P——'s claim,
To *conquer* only thine.

Gay Celia late, in waggery, took
Young Philip's notes away.
The deacon, robb'd of heart and book,
What could he more than pray?

As you had pilfer'd, wily maid,
You should have preach'd the sermon;
His words had prov'd, by you convey'd,
Like dew upon mount Hermon.

Against such force were no defence;
You doubly might surprise,
With thunder of his eloquence
And lightning of your eyes.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.